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THE HERMIT NATION AND ITS KING.

The last of the hermits among the nations has opened its doors, and come out to see the world and invite in its neighbors far and near. These neighbors have not been slow to accept the invitation and already we have, especially from missionary sources, many interesting accounts of the country and its people. Although a dependency of China, Corea has always been looked upon with covetous eyes by the Japanese and for many hundred years battles between the two countries have from time to time been fought on the peninsula. In the beginning of the 17th century, however, the Chinese obtained the supremacy; but while exacting tribute they did not otherwise interfere with the government of the country, so that from that time until just now, the country has been able to maintain its desired seclusion.

The story of the first introduction of Christianity into Corea is most interesting. Just one hundred and two years ago, among a number of Coreans who had been sent with some tribute money to Peking was a young man named Lee. This young man was fond of mathematics and while in Peking applied to the Roman Catholic missionaries there for some books upon the subject. They gave him what he wanted and some religious books also, the reading of which soon led to his conversion. Delighted with the new faith he had found, he, on his return, began diligently to spread it among his friends, and in less than five years his converts, it is said, numbered four thousand. Soon these new converts felt that they were in need of better instruction and they sent for a priest to come and live among them and be their teacher. For a time all things went well, but when the question was raised among them as to whether it was right to continue the long venerated worship of their ancestors, the authorities grew alarmed and a severe persecution arose, and many of them were put to death. But though since that time, persecutions have raged at greater or less intervals down to the present day, the country, it is said, has never been without one of these missionaries, hiding while the storm raged, and preaching when the persecutions ceased.

The story of the opening up of this strange land is too long to be gone into here, but a few facts may be mentioned. The Regent who ruled during the minority of the present king was a strong conservative and it was largely owing to his influence that the country was so closely shut against foreigners. The young king, Li Hi, however, had more advanced ideas and when he got the power into his own hands, his friends the Liberals were put into office and of course a marked change in the Government was the result. Thus was the way opened and when Li Hung-Chang the great Chinese minister brought his influence to bear, the matter was soon accomplished.

LI HI, THE KING OF COREA.

The ex-Regent did his best to make trouble and in July, 1882 the mob rose, and several Japanese were killed and for a time it was thought that it would result in serious difficulty between China and Japan, but things were shortly settled and the ex-Regent banished to China. In May, 1883 a treaty between Corea and the United States was signed, and a little later treaties were signed with England and Germany.

One sad drawback in these treaties is that there is no provision made for the entrance of Christian missionaries into the country. The cause of this, and indeed of all the persecutions there during the last hundred years, has been the false claim of the Roman Pontiff to temporal power. The Coreans know nothing of the *difference between* Roman Catholic and Protestant, so that when a Christian missionary makes his appearance they at once conclude that he has come to overthrow their kingdom and set up another under the sovereign of the country from whence he comes, and so the thing of which the Coreans have apparently the greatest dread is that by any means Christianity should be brought to their coasts.

But the way for the Gospel in Corea, though slowly, is just as surely opening up. About six years ago an Embassy from Corea visited Japan and three of them, during their stay, called upon Mr. Tsude, a converted Japanese, who told them about Christianity. Before leaving Corea they had given their oath that they would not take back the Scriptures, but they were delighted to find that Christianity was not as bad as they had heard it was and on their return they told a Corean nobleman, named Rijutei what they had learned. Now Rijutei was a personal friend of the king of Corea and in

the riot above mentioned had saved the life of the queen and kept her concealed until the troubles were over, and the king, to show his gratitude, offered him any reward he might name. Rijutei declined honors and asked instead that he might go to Japan and study the progress and civilization of that country. He went, found Mr. Tsude, and at once began to study the Scriptures, and very soon became an earnest Christian, and on the 28th of April, 1883 was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Yasukawa, a pastor of one of the Presbyterian churches in Tokio. But now what was he to do. He dared not go home. Only eighteen years before his uncle had been put to death for becoming a Roman Catholic and all his property was confiscated, and if he were to return his life would be in danger every hour. So he stayed in Japan, and devoted himself to the study of the Word of God, and to the teaching of those of his own countrymen who were there, many of whom under his teaching have already turned to Christ. He also commenced a translation of the New Testament into Corean, and has nearly completed the work. He was offered by the Japanese Government an important position on a paper about to be started in Tokio, but he refused, and when further urged he said "I am engaged in more important work and no inducement that you can offer is sufficient to turn me away."

A brother from Corea offered him a large sum of money with which to pursue the study of commerce and science, if he would only renounce this foreign religion, but he replied "I have found in the Bible of the Christians that which will be of greater service to my country than science and commerce and railways." Rijutei pleads earnestly for Protestant missionaries for his countrymen. Now, he says, is the time to move, for as the country opens the Roman Catholics will rush in and deceive the people by mere outward forms.

And although not moving very fast Christians are still doing something in the matter, and their chief strength seems to be in medical missionaries. Dr. H. N. Allen, a young medical missionary of the American Presbyterian Board, with his wife, is at present in Seoul, the capital, and although not yet allowed to preach openly his services as a physician are in great demand. In December, 1884, another insurrection broke out and while all other foreigners were compelled to leave the city he remained, with his wife and child, and dressed the wounds of scores of the wounded officials, and so pleased was the king and court with his services that a hospital has been built and Dr. Allen placed in sole charge. The king has also granted permission to the Rev. Dr. Mackay of the Methodist church to establish mission work there.

Of the city of Seoul, the surrounding country and the manners and customs of the Coreans, the Rev. J. R. Wolfe, a church of England missionary in Fuh-Chow, gives the following description:

The city of Seoul is situated in a valley, the beauty and loveliness of which it is hard to describe. It is fertilized by the deep and broad waters of the Han, which roll down from the mountains on the east and bring much of the precious ore which the natives collect from the beds of its diverging streams. The hills which bound it on all sides are well covered with trees, and its fields and gardens are well cultivated with wheat, millet, rice, beans, and other vegetables. The country abounds with game, and in the Valley of Seoul I saw immense flocks of wild geese hovering about apparently fearless of man and ready to alight upon a large rice crop in a field hard by.

The city itself is not well built; the houses are of the very poorest description, and betoken a condition of extreme poverty among its inhabitants; but this can hardly be the case, for every one looks gayly dressed and well fed, and scarcely a beggar can be seen in the streets. Women are frequently met walking in the streets, but covered all over with a long cloak, with a hood closely drawn over the head and face, so that the features are hidden from the gaze of men. It is, however, only the elderly women who are allowed this freedom. The younger women, except those of the very poorest, are scarcely ever seen in public. The women of the poorest class, old and young, have the privilege, as we Westerns would think it, of walking about freely, with their heads and faces uncovered.

In the city of Seoul the curfew bell rings out every night at 9 o'clock, after which time all the male population are to retire within doors. It used to be at the risk of their lives to disobey; but now the law, though still in force, does not apply to Chinese and other nationalities living in the city. After the curfew rings and the men retire, the women come out to walk and get some fresh air.

The abominable and cruel custom among the Chinese of foot-binding is unknown in Corea. The crime of infanticide, also, so common and extensive among the Celestials, is a crime punishable by death in Corea, and scarcely, if ever, practised.

The population of Seoul is 400,000, according to the account given me by Mr. Mollendorf, the Commissioner of Customs, and a Minister of State to the Corean king. The population of the whole kingdom, he assured me, was not less than fifteen millions. The people of Seoul are very friendly to foreigners. On one occasion, I was stopped in the streets by two Coreans who produced their inkhorns and pencils and wrote in my pocketbook the following words in Chinese: "To behold you is like seeing a friend who comes but once a year, like the red autumnal leaves of the maple tree." I may remark that the literati of Corea are as well versed in the literature of China as are the Chinese themselves and they can write its classic characters with fluency and ease. These Coreans are a fine stalwart and robust race of men. Their physique is infinitely superior to that of either the Chinese or the Japanese. The latter look like a nation of pigmies beside the Coreans.

Practically, the Coreans have no system of religion at all. Buddhism, though traces of it exist here and there in the remote and secluded parts of the kingdom, is a proscribed religion, and for the last five hundred years it has been vigorously and successfully suppressed by the reigning dynasty, and thoroughly eradicated out of the hearts and sympathies of the people. Confucianism, though not a religious system, is adhered to by the literary and official classes, but it has little or no influence on the masses of the people. The Coreans are, however, a very superstitious and spirit-fearing people. They deify and worship the spirits of deceased heroes and public benefactors, and the worship of deceased ancestors is universally practised. The superstition of Fung-Chui, which has so paralyzed every attempt at civilization in China, also influences, universally and perniciously, the minds and the conduct of the Coreans. No house can be built, no wall can be erected, no road can be opened, and no grave can be dug without consulting the tehis or masters of this occult superstition. Fetishism is also extensively practised by this people. Favorite trees and stones are worshipped, and along the road it is common to see some trees gaily covered with rugs hung on the branches as tokens to the deity that the individual who placed them there had paid his devotions to the tree. Others, in order to obtain forgiveness of their sins, carry round stones to the top of some mountain or hill, and leave them there, after they have paid their devotions to them or to the spirit which is supposed to reside in them. The fear of ghosts and spirits also haunts this poor darkened people, and they have recourse to the most childish expedients to relieve themselves of this fear and frighten away these spirits.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 21.

THE SECOND TEMPLE.—EZRA 1:1-14; 3: 8-13.

COMMIT VERSES 18, 19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They praised the Lord because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid.—Ezra 3: 11.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God disciplines, but never forsakes his people.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Ezra 1: 1-8.
T. Ezra 2: 1, 64-70.
W. Ezra 3: 1-13.
Th. Ezra 4: 1-24.
F. Ezra 5: 1-17.
Sa. Ezra 6: 1-22.
Su. Haggai 1: 1-15.

DATES.—The Jews returned from exile B.C. 536. The second temple was begun May, 534, and completed after 19 years, in March, 515.

PLACE.—Babylon and Jerusalem.

RULERS.—Cyrus, king of the Persian empire, 558-529. He began as sole ruler of Babylon in 536.

PROPHETS.—Haggai, an old man, and Zechariah, a young man, prophesied, 521-518, in aid of the rebuilding of the temple.

PSALMS.—Ps. 65, 85, 107, and 126 belong to this period. The Psalms of degrees (Ps. 120-134) some regard as sung as the workmen went up daily to build the temple. Ps. 48, 81, 138, 146-150 are supposed to have been sung at the dedication of the temple.

EZRA.—A Jewish scribe who lived in Babylon, and came to Jerusalem for a time about 80 years after the return.

BOOK OF EZRA.—(1) It is a continuation of Chronicles. (2) The first part was compiled by Ezra, the latter written by him.

THE CAPTIVITY.—It began in 604-5, and lasted 70 years. It was caused by the idolatry of the people. Their trials in captivity rooted out idolatry forever from the Jews; as soon as this was settled, they were allowed to return. It produced a selected stock with which to begin anew, for (1) the best of the people were made captives, and (2) of these and their descendants the most religious and heroic would return. The captivity led to new study of the Scripture, and better education in religion, and deeper spirituality.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. JEREMIAH ....FULFILLED; Jer. 25: 12; 29: 10. THE LORD STIRRED UP CYRUS: probably through Daniel, who may have showed him the prophecies of Isaiah (44: 26-28; 45: 1-4). 2. CHARGED ME: see Isaiah 44, etc. 4. WHOSOEVER REMAINED: the heathen population were to aid the return. FREEWILL OFFERING: the vessels of the temple which Cyrus gave (Ezra 1: 7-11).

THE RETURN.—About 50,000 people returned (see Ezra 2: 1, 64, 65) with 8136 beasts of burden. They took with them 5400 gold and silver vessels of the temple (1: 7-11). Their leader was Zerubbabel of David's royal line. Their journey would require more than four months (7: 9). On their arrival they made a great offering of 61,000 gold darics=$275,000, and 5,000 minas of silver=$135,000.

8. SECOND MONTH: May. 10. TRUMPETS: for calling assemblies, like our church-bells. 11. BY COURSE: responsively. 12. WEPT: because there was little hope of making as beautiful a temple as the former one. The temple was not completed for 19 years (6: 15).

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—In what country did the events of our last lesson take place? What people were captives here? Who was now king of Babylon? Who was Ezra? What can you tell about the book of Ezra?

SUBJECT: A GREAT REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

I. THE CAPTIVITY OF GOD'S PEOPLE.—When were the children of Israel carried captive to Babylon? Why did God allow this evil to come upon them? (2 Chron. 36: 14-20.) What was the effect of this affliction on the people? How long did the captivity last? (2 Chron. 36: 20, 21.)

Show how three things would aid in making the new kingdom better than the old: (1) their love of idolatry taken away; (2) the selection of those carried captive (2 Kings 24: 14, 16); (3) the kind of persons who would be most likely to return.

When may a church be said to be in captivity? Why does Goes allow such trials and afflictions to come upon his people? How do these purify the church?

II. GOD MOVING ON THE HEARTS OF MEN (vs. 1-4).—Who was Cyrus? What had been foretold of him? (Isa. 44: 26-28; 45: 1-4.) Was Daniel alive at this time? (Dan. 10: 1.) May he have showed these prophecies to Cyrus? What had Jeremiah foretold? (Jer. 25: 12; 29: 10.) Had God been moving upon the hearts of the people? What proclamation did Cyrus make? Who were to help those who would go? What was Cyrus's freewill offering? (1: 7-11.)

III. THE RETURN TO THE PROMISED LAND.—How many persons returned to Judea? (Ezra 2: 64, 65.) How many beasts of burden did they take? (Ezra 2: 66, 67.) What treasures did they carry? Ezra 1: 7-11.) How long was the journey? (Ezra 7: 9.)

IV. REBUILDING THE HOUSE OF GOD (vs. 8-13).—What offering was made soon after their arrival? (2: 68.) When did they begin to rebuild the temple? What was their first work? (3: 2-5.) What were the ceremonies of laying the foundation? Why did the old men weep? Why did the younger rejoice? Were both right? What glory did the old have that the new lacked? What greatest glory came to the new? (Hag. 2: 7-9.) How long was it before the temple was finished? (6: 15.) What two prophets gave great aid?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. God's promises will all be fulfilled in due time.

II. When God's people have learned the lessons their trials are intended to teach, he will bring them again to peace and prosperity.

LESSON IX.—FEBRUARY 28.

NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER.—NEH. 1: 1-11.

COMMIT VERSES 8, 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Give us help from trouble; for vain is the help of man.—Ps. 108: 12.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God helps his people in answer to prayer

DAILY READINGS.

M. Ezra 7: 1-28.
T. Ezra 9: 1-15.
W. Neh. 1: 1-11.
Th. Neh. 2: 1-20.
F. Neh. 4: 1-23.
Sa. Neh. 5: 1-19.
Su. Neh. 6: 1-19.

DATE.—B.C. 445. 70 years after the completion of the second temple, and 90 years after the return.

PLACE.—Susa (Shushan), the chief capital of the Persian empire, 250 miles east of Babylon. Daniel was here part of the time (Dan. 8: 2), and Queen Esther lived here.

RULERS.—Artaxerxes Longimanus (long-handed), son of Ahashuerus. Pericles was king of Athens. Herodotus, Socrates, Plato, and Xenophon were living. Between the date of the last lesson and the date of this were fought the famous battles of Marathon, Salamis, and Thermopylæ.

NEHEMIAH, son of Hachaliah, probably of the tribe of Judah; cup-bearer to Artaxerxes, living in Susa; made governor of Judah for 12 years (444-433). He was self-sacrificing, religious, prayerful, keen-sighted, patriotic.

BOOK OF NEHEMIAH.—Written chiefly by Nehemiah. It is a continuation of Ezra.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—The second temple was finished B.C. 515 (see last lesson). Then comes an interval of 57 years, in which occurred the story of Esther. Then Ezra the Scribe came to Jerusalem, B.C. 457, with 1,500 more men from Babylon (over 5,000 including women and children) (Ezra 8: 1-20). He made great reforms. After 13 more years Nehemiah went up to Jerusalem, according to his prayer in this lesson.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. CHISLEU: 9th month, November—December. TWENTIETH YEAR: of Artaxerxes. 2. HANANIAH: probably brother of Nehemiah. (Neh. 7: 2). 3. WALLS BROKEN DOWN: by Nebuchadnezzar, 140 years before this. They had been partially rebuilt (Ezra 4: 12), and were destroyed again (Ezra 4: 8-21; Neh. 2: 11-15). 4. CERTAIN DAYS: three or four months, December to April. (Compare chap. 1: 1 with 2: 1.) FASTED: (1) to express his deep sorrow, and (2) to keep the mind clear for devotions. 5. TERRIBLE GOD: to his enemies. Able to overcome them. KEEPETH COVENANT: his promises to them if they would obey. 7. WE HAVE DEALT CORRUPTLY: wickedly; their wickedness was the cause of their captivity (Chron. 36: 14-17; Ezra 9: 1; Neh. 5: 1-7). 8. IF YE TRANSGRESS, etc.: Lev. 26: 27-39; Deut. 28: 15-52, 62-67. 9. BUT IF YE TURN: see Lev. 26: 40-45; Deut. 30: 1-10. 11. CUP-BEARER: one of those who pressed the wine and brought it to the king. It brought him in close contact with the king, and gave him great power and wealth.

INTRODUCTORY.—How much time intervenes between the last lesson and this? What were some of the events during this time? To what date do we now come? Who was king of Persia? What great men lived about this time?

SUBJECT: A PRAYER AND ITS ANSWER.

I. THE NEED OF PRAYER (vs. 1-3).—How long was it since the Jews began to return to Jerusalem? Where did Nehemiah live? How did he learn about the state of things in Judea? What was the condition there? (2 Kings 25: 10; Ezra 4: 8-24; Neh. 2: 11-15.)

Why would such a state of things lead to prayer?

II. THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER (v. 4).—What was the effect of this report on Nehemiah? In what other ways did he show his sorrow? What is the meaning and use of fasting? What does Christ say about fasting? (Mark 9: 29; Matt. 6: 16-18. See also Matt. 4: 1, 2.)

III. THE CHARACTERISTICS OF HIS PRAYER (vs. 5-11).—(1.) ADORATION. What qualities does Nehemiah here ascribe to God? When is God terrible? Meaning of "that keepeth covenant." With whom? Who alone have a right to expect his good gifts?

Is there any danger of dwelling too much on God's greatness, so long as we see that his love is as great as his power? What comfort in his greatness then?

(II.) CONFESSION. Whose sins did Nehemiah confess? (vs. 7, 8.) What were some of these sins? (2 Chro. 36: 14-17; Ezra 9: 1.)

How could good Nehemiah speak as if he were guilty of these sins? How far are we guilty of national sins?

(III.) PLEADING THE PROMISES. Of what words of God was the present condition of the Jews a fulfilment? (v. 8; Lev. 26: 27-39; Deut. 28: 45-52, 62-67.) How would the fulfilment of this give assurance that the promises would also be fulfilled? What promises had been made to them? (v. 9; Lev. 26: 40-45; Deut. 30: 1-10.) Name some of God's promises that we can plead in prayer?

(IV.) ASSURANCE FROM FORMER MERCIES. To what in their past history does Nehemiah refer? (v. 10; Ex. 12: 51; Joshua 3: 15, 16; Heb. 11: 32-34.) How do God's former mercies give us assurance in present need?

(V.) PETITION. What did Nehemiah ask of God? (v. 11; See chap. 2: 3-5.)

(VI.) PERSEVERANCE. How long did Nehemiah pray before the answer came? (Compare 1: 1 with 2: 1. See HELPS, v. 4.)

IV. THE ANSWER.—How was the prayer first answered? (2: 1-5.) Through whom did it come? What did Nehemiah do toward the answer? (2: 7-9.) What did he do when he arrived at Jerusalem. (2: 11-15.) Should churches make a like examination of the needs around them? How did the people help? (4: 6) In what way did they work? (3: 28.) What command of Christ did they fulfil? (Chap. 4: 15-22.)

LESSONS FROM NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER.

I. There is need of much prayer on account of the sins and troubles of the world, of the church, of ourselves.

II. The only source of help is in God.

III. In the hour of need we should (1) repent (2) fast and consecrate ourselves, (3) pray.

IV. The qualities of true prayer are adoration, confession, pleading the promises, definite petitions, perseverance.

V. The effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much.

VI. The answer may be delayed, but it is sure to come.

VII. The answer comes (1) by means of the prayer, (2) by willingness to do our part, (3) by new consecration, (4) by surveying the field, (5) by each one doing his part, (6) by working each one against his own house, (7) in spite of enemies, (8) by watching as well as working, (9) by the favor of God.

Who gives to whom hath naught been given,
His gift in need, though small indeed
As is the grass blade's wind-blown seed,
Is large as earth and rich as heaven.

—*Whittier.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A MOTHER'S CARE.

Lying between the leaves of my "Keble's Christian Year," where for a long time it has served as a kind of a book mark, to be frequently read over, are the following lines cut from some paper—lines which I have often thought I would send to *The Household*. They are just what will come near to every Christian woman's heart, be she a mother or not, for with nearly all of us, is a feeling that

"There are so many trivial cares
That no one knows and no one shares."

that but for the one true Helper, we could not endure unto the end.

The most of us are too much inclined to look down, not up, to feel the weight of our cares and responsibilities so heavily, as upon ourselves alone, that we forget at times to cast them on him who has promised to bear the heaviest end of every cross and burden. We pour out our griefs, but forget to sing the pæans of joy which ought to make melody in our soul. I said the lines would come near to every Christian heart, may they, indeed, find an echo in the soul of every reader, and if we cannot at all times feel the "divine caress" which "makes its throbbing cease," may we be no stranger to "such felicity."

"A MOTHER'S CARE."

I do not think that I could bear
My daily weight of woman's care,
If it were not for this:
That Jesus seemeth always near,
Unseen, but whispering in my ear
Some tender word of love and cheer,
To fill my soul with bliss!

There are so many trivial cares
That no one knows and no one shares
Too small for me to tell,
Things o'en my husband cannot see
Nor his dear love uplift from me—
Each hour's unnamed perplexity
That mothers know so well.

The failure of some household scheme,
The ending of some pleasant dream,
Deep hidden in my breast;
The weariness of children's noise,
The yearning for that subtle poise
That turneth duties into joys,
And giveth inner rest.

These secret things, however small,
Are known to Jesus, each and all,
And this thought brings me peace.
I do not need to say one word,
He knows what thought my heart hath stirred,
And by divine caress, my Lord,
Makes all its throbbings cease.

And then, upon his loving breast,
My weary head is laid at rest,
In speechless ecstacy;
Until it seemeth all in vain
That care, fatigue or mortal pain,
Should hope to drive me forth again
From such felicity!

ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

—*Household.*

HOW TO SAVE BOYS.

Women who have sons to rear, and dread the demoralizing influence of bad associates, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is disturbed by vague ambitions, by thirst for action, by longings for excitement, by irrepressible desire to touch life in manifold ways.

If you, mothers, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with the repressions of natural instincts, you will be sure to throw them into society that in some measure can supply the need of their hearts.

They will not go to the public house at first for love of liquor—very few people like the taste of liquor; they go for the animated and hilarious companionship they discover that does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breasts.

See to it, then, that their homes compete with public places in attractiveness. Open your blinds by day and light your fires by night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures on the wall. Put books and newspapers on the tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dulness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass boyhood and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions depends upon you.

Believe it possible that, with exertion and right means, a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.—*Christian at Work.*

POULTRY KEEPING.

Every one knows what a hen-house should be—so warm that it will never freeze inside, clean and with plenty of sunlight; but how few provide such quarters for them. Old farmers can recollect when young cattle were wintered in open sheds and fed at the straw or bog-hay stack, and when the common excuse for their unthriftiness was the vermin that were on them. It was thought good treatment enough for calves and colts, and to give them better care was pampering and spoiling their constitutions. As this has changed for the better, it may be possible to improve the condition of the poultry houses, and get better treatment for their inmates. Let those who say that poultry does not pay go to work and clean up the hen-house; give the walls a coat of white-wash, and the nests and roosts a brushing with kerosene; remove the manure under the roosts, and give a supply of clean, dry earth or wood ashes for them to wallow in; give them hot dough or boiled potatoes mixed with meal or wheat bran every morning; good corn, oats, or other whole grain at night; a few meat scraps and green vegetables every day; pure water all the time, and the better if slightly warm in the morning; keep a supply of cracked bones or oyster shells constantly on hand; and above all, make their room as warm as possible, and begin on the first of the year to keep a strict account with them for the ensuing twelve months, and they will give a different report next year. No fear of the business being overdone until chickens are sold at the same price per pound as whole hogs sell for, or until eggs can be bought so cheaply that it will not pay to send grain to Europe to feed poultry to produce eggs to be sent back here. At present prices of grain and poultry products it is not difficult to make a flock of young hens yield a profit of $2 or $3 per head a year, or as many times their own cost, while we should think a cow or horse that gave such a profit over cost of keeping was a phenomenal animal, as it would be. But such a result in poultry keeping can only be obtained by good care.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

There is too much talk of what is expected of the mother, and too much blame accorded her oftentimes when she strives hard to do her part, yet is cast down by the want of the needed moral support of her husband. This is not a matter of imagination, as some may suppose. It is but a few days since the writer heard the mother of a fine family express regret that her husband took no interest in the welfare of the children. He liked them while they were playthings, but after that seemed to forget that they needed his watch and care.

Go out upon the street of an evening where the little boys are playing, listen a few moments, and if you do not hear profanity and vulgarity you are fortunate. There is where the father is needed with a restraining and guiding influence or the boys should be at home. Fathers would find it for their own interest to share the evening sports of their young boys, and while they keep the lads pure, will grow better themselves. There is no society this side of heaven so good as that of little children, the pool-room and the club-room and political headquarters to the contrary nowithstanding, and *if* there *is any* business in life worth pursuing it is that of growing better and making the world better. And can we do anything to make the world better more effectively than by guarding the children from corrupting influences, and especially from the mischievous miasm of sensational literature? But the trouble is, too many parents like the sensational newspapers, and they are quite as corrupting as the dime novels, though they come in a different guise. Now we owe it to society, to the citizenship of the future, to discourage pernicious reading, and we urge it upon all parents to look well to their children's reading and whereabouts. "Take trouble for your children or they will make trouble for you," said Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and we think she was right. There is plenty of good literature to be had at little more expense, and once a good taste is acquired the sensational will not be attractive.

The writer remembers the lady with whom she boarded—and she was a lady every inch, though a hard-working woman—used to gather them into her kitchen, and with her own boys let them litter with scissors and paper, blocks and knives, until it looked like a work-shop; and she would take time to read them some instructive and entertaining story, which perhaps would delay her own work into the night. Then when the play or the storm was over and time to go home, they were invited to sweep and put the room in order, and in time she taught some of the mothers it was better to cultivate the best that was in their boys, instead of selfishly sending them away from the fireside. Her own boys were taught to be helpers in the house, in kitchen and dining-room, and to take care of their rooms. Another thing she did which was wise, and which all mothers do not do, she gave them as pleasant a chamber as she gave her daughters, and then put them on their good behavior towards appointments, and never regretted it.—*Chris. at Work.*

ESCALOPED POTATOES.—Cut a quart of cold boiled potatoes into very thin slices and season well with salt and pepper. Next butter an escalop dish. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a frying-pan, and when the butter has become hot, and before it has become browned, add a teaspoonful of flour. Stir it until a white froth has been formed, and then draw the frying-pan to a cooler part of the stove, and add, very gradually, a pint of cold milk. After about a third of this quantity has been thus used, move the frying-pan to the hottest part of the range and stir the mixture constantly until it bubbles; then add the remainder of the milk and let it boil up. Season with a little pepper and a third of a teaspoonful of salt. Spread a layer of this sauce on the bottom of the escalop dish, then a layer of potato, another of sauce and another of potato, and finish with one of sauce. Cover with fine dry bread crumbs and cook in twenty minutes. The potato can be sliced and seasoned the night before, and the crumbs and dish placed in readiness on the table, so that the work in the morning may be quickly done.

BEEF STEW.—Few persons care to stew raw meat, but as a way of serving up what is left of a roasted joint so that it may make a hot and appetizing dish, stewing is highly esteemed. Cut off, then, as much of a cold joint as will furnish enough food for your family, and about one hour before dinner-time lay it in a stew-pan that has a lid to it; add butter in proportion to the size of the dish, or, if you have been provident enough to set aside a good portion of yesterday's gravy, you will need almost none; cut into rings a boiled carrot, also a whole pickled cucumber, chop up a fraction of an onion, and two or three cold potatoes, adding pepper and salt to your taste, as also a teaspoonful of whole allspice; then add a little hot water, cover up your stewpan closely, and set it where it may stew gently until the hour comes for serving; send it to the table in a covered dish, and if carefully prepared, the chances are that the family will enjoy it more than many a more elaborate preparation.

WE DO NOT BELIEVE in rods over the mantel-piece, nor in a long code of rules and regulations with penalties attached for the governance of children, but we do believe in parental authority that rules, not arbitrarily, but lovingly and wisely; in a watchfulness that knows unmistakably where the boy or girl is every hour of the day or night, and especially the night—that wins the love and confidence of the children into a quiet and willing obedience, that furnishes attractive occupation and that keeps something good and elevating, or at the very least innocent before the children's mind, instead of leaving them to find or make for themselves pastimes that are often reprehensible and debasing.—*Christian at Work.*

POTATOES WITH CREAM.—The mistake usually made in preparing *this excellent* dish is, that many economical house-wives use cold boiled potatoes *left* from the preceding day. True economy would have been in boiling just enough for each meal; but for potatoes with cream, see to it that they are boiled and afterward cut up while warm, and seasoned with salt and pepper. Boil half a pint of cream, add to it a walnut of butter, and add the potatoes to it. If milk is used, it may be thickened a little with flour.

CREAMED CABBAGE.—Slice as for cold slaw and stew in a covered saucepan till tender; drain, return to saucepan, add a gill or more of rich cream, one ounce of butter, pepper and salt to taste; let simmer two or three minutes, then serve. Milk may be used by adding a little more butter; or have a deep spider hot, put in the sliced cabbage, pour quickly over it a pint of boiling water, cover close and cook for ten minutes, then pour off water, and add half a pint of rich milk. When the milk boils stir in a teaspoonful of flour moistened with a little milk; season, cook a moment and serve.

TOMATO OMELET.—Scald and skin three ripe tomatoes; quarter them; fry a quarter of an onion (minced) in an ounce of butter, toss the tomatoes in this, add a little water to prevent burning; season with salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper and a very slight suspicion of mace; simmer until reduced to a pulp. Break three eggs separately, beat them together, put them in the frying pan and when slightly browned on the bottom prepare to fold the omelet; just before so doing add the tomato pulp and turn the omelet out on a hot dish, surround it with a little tomato sauce and serve.—*The Cook.*

CHEESE FONDU.—Two cups milk, with a pinch of soda stirred in; one cup very dry, fine crumbs; half pound of dry cheese, grated; four beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of melted butter, pepper, salt and a pinch of mace. Soak the crumbs in the milk; beat in the eggs, butter, seasoning—lastly, the cheese. Butter a pudding dish; put in the mixture; strew on top with fine crumbs and bake, covered, half an hour; then brown quickly. Eat soon, as it will fall in cooling.

PUZZLES.

A CONUNDRUM.

Two little brothers, the live-long day,
Chasing each other, but not for play.

The tall one far outruns the other,
Yet oft is caught by the slower brother.

They never speak in angry word,
Though all day long their voice is heard.

And sometimes even in the night,
When I am wrong, they set me right.

Can you their names and dwelling tell?
I'm sure you know them very well.

For all their doors are made of glass,
And you may see them as you pass.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

Fill the second blanks with the word of the first blank decapitated.

1. Annie had to hunt for her —— so she went to school ——.
2. We bought a —— of fruit, and we found it first ——
3. Before we reached the —— there was a driving ——
4. We enjoyed our tricycle jaunt, travelling over a —— fine ——.

PI.

Sith drowl si lla a glentlfe whos,
Rof sa'nin tisollnu vinge;
Eth simels fo ojy, het stare fo oew,
Eedticult hesin, dftlciene wlof,
Str'eeh nnohgti rute tub eevnah.

CHARADE.

My first gleams bright 'mid azure shields,
On rich emblazoned argent fields.
If you too often use my second,
An egotist you will be reckoned.
My third, it is a battle-cry;
And be it yours in every high,
And good, and noble end and aim,
As such it is the road to fame,
My belted whole you may descry
Illumining the southern sky.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

CHARADE.—FUNGUS.

ACROSTICAL WORD-SQUARE—

M A D A M
A D A G E
D A V I D
A G I L E
M E D E S

PI.— Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits.

CHARADE.—Aladdin.

The Family Circle.

WHATSOEVER.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

One day in stress of need I prayed:
"Dear Father, thou hast bid me bring
All wants to thee; so, unafraid,
I ask thee for this little thing
Round which my hopes so keenly cling;
And yet remembering what thou art—
So dread, so wondrous, so divine—
I marvel that I have the heart
To tell thee of this wish of mine!

"Thy heavens are strewn with worlds on worlds,
Thy star-dust powders reachless space;
System on system round Thee whirls
Who sittest in the central place
Of Being, while before Thy face
The universe hangs like a bead
Of dew, upon whose arc is shown,
With but reflected flash indeed,
Godhood's magnificence alone.

"And when I think, Our world is one,
But one amid the countless band
That in its daily course doth run
Its golden circuit through Thy hand,
And that its peopled millions stand
Always before thee, even as I—
Sad suppliants with their pleadings dumb,
Waiting for every hour's supply—
I wonder that I dare to come!

"The thing I ask thee for—how small
How trivial, must it seem to thee!
Yet, Lord, thou knowest, who knowest all,
It is no little thing to me,
So weak, so human as I be!
Therefore I make my prayer to-day.
And as a father pitieth, then
Grant me this little thing, I pray
Through the one sacred Name. Amen!"

I had my wish. The little thing
So needful to my heart's content
Was given to my petitioning,
And comforted I onward went
With tranquil soul, wherein were blent
Trust and thanksgiving. For I know
Now, as I had not known before,
That *whatsoever's* meaning: so,
I cavil not nor question more.
—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*

THE ARCHER'S MAGAZINE CLUB.

It was spring time when the Archers moved from their home in a thriving town into the country, beginning, as it were, a new life on the farm. Mr. Archer had been seriously ill and did not seem to rally or find himself able to carry on his accustomed business, so the doctor said he must go into the country and dig in mother earth, and interest himself in new pursuits, if he would save his life and health to himself and his family.

Personally this was not distasteful to him, as he had been brought up upon a farm. With Mrs. Archer, who had always resided in town, it was different, and she felt she should hardly know how to adapt herself to the new ways required; still, for her husband's sake, she cheerfully prepared to make the required change.

As for the children, they were half glad and half sorry. During the spring and summer, however, they found themselves constantly delighted with new scenes and new undertakings, while all went to work with hearty good will to help make it home-like at the farm, and to have their in-door ways as much as possible like their former home.

But as summer passed and autumn came apace, with its shortened days for outdoor pursuits and its lengthened evenings for gathering around the evening lamp, there began to come a feeling of something wanting in ways of recreation, and in partial deprivations of privileges before enjoyed.

"What are we to do for general reading," said Mrs. Archer one desolate, rainy evening, "except the usual papers which the mail brings to us, and that is meagre compared to our opportunities at home?" as she always called their former home thus. "Here there is no public library to draw books from when we choose, no cousins, or old friends to lend us a new book or to exchange magazines and other reading with, as we have been accustomed to, or even familiar acquaintances to talk over matters of interest with as formerly, to say nothing of entertainments outside of home."

"And we read our papers through so quickly," said Alice, "when we have so little here to take our attention outside, and it is such a long time to wait for the day the new ones come."

"Yes," said Mrs. Archer, "and we have our Harper's read the first week, whereas it used to last a month to take up now and then, and no friends to exchange with for the other magazines to keep the run of them at all. Something must be done or we shall stagnate, though with papa getting so strong and well we ought to make the best of these little discomforts and deprivations, I suppose."

"There is no virtue in settling down to making the best of any thing which can be remedied," said Mr. Archer, "and if we may not have our former privileges we may do something towards regaining them, and at the same time help others to more variety in way of reading."

"What do you say Harry and Alice to helping try to get up a magazine club among the young people, at least interest them, while your mother and I will bring up the subject to our neighbors?"

"But," said Mrs. Archer, "these people here seem, many of them, to care little for real literature, while some of them say they have no time to read even their weekly newspapers."

"It is not so with all that I know," said Mr. Archer, "for I lived in the country in my youth and found some as hungry for books, or even more so, than many of our old friends who had them in abundance. We have as yet become really little acquainted with our townspeople here, and we may find many ready to join us in our enterprise if we work in the right way."

"I had not thought of it in this light," said Mrs. Archer, "but I do recall now with what a loving look Emma Downs glanced over the volumes in our bookcase, and how absorbed she became in one of the illustrated articles in our magazine."

And from this the Archers began, without any regular plans, to carry on their work. The very next evening Mr. and Mrs. Archer drove to a farm house a mile away, where they had merely made a formal call before, and spent a good share of the evening, becoming better acquainted with their neighbors. From one topic to another it was easy to introduce books and reading, also to sound these people on the subject. And they found them intelligent, and quite well read in a general way, and found here also there was a latent desire for more reading matter than fell to their lot, and more than they thought they could afford to supply their family. Then Mrs. Archer adroitly introduced their club plan, while Mr. Archer went on to explain that if they could get, say half a dozen of the neighbors to pay not more than two dollars apiece as a beginning, they could secure several first-class periodicals to pass from one family to another to read.

"And when we once begin," said Mrs. Archer, "I presume there are others of our most distant neighbors who may become interested and like to join the enterprise, and thus in time enlarge our scope and add to our privileges. And we can have perhaps a new book now and then to circulate, and, may be, may exchange some of those we already have in our homes."

The evening here passed so pleasantly and socially that Mrs. Archer began to feel, for the first time, that she might make congenial friends even in a new community, and that the opportunities which she had always had for society and culture might be made a pleasure and a benefit to others.

Another evening Mr. and Mrs. Archer spent at Mr. Downs, taking Alice with them to visit Emma, as here too, only a call had previously been made. And when the subject of books, and finally of the club was introduced, Emma was almost beside herself with pleasurable excitement.

"Oh, papa," she said almost forgetting there were visitors present, "we will help, will we not? and get others to join the club. For you cannot imagine how hungry I am for more reading; for more of real literature than I have ever been able to command. For you see," said she turning to Mrs. Archer, "we cannot buy all we would like, and our friends have few of the most desirable works, so they are beyond our reach."

"Why, I didn't know the child cared so much about books before," said her father, "and now we will do what we can to help along your plan. The expense is little if we can only interest others with us."

And so the matter moved on. Not all the neighbors were ready at first to endorse the scheme, but in a short time a sufficient number had become interested to make the promise of beginning a sure thing. Mr. Archer put his individual magazine into the club, which was more of a tax than any others paid towards it, and thus about five periodicals, two of them more especially for the little folks, were secured for the first year. This was perhaps enough literature of the kind besides the general newspaper which comes into all fairly intelligent families in our land. And this variety, this new source of pleasure and instruction, how it became prized by all concerned. There were no set rules at first for the club, but an understood arrangement which gave each family equal rights as to reading the publications. One thing, no one was to keep a new magazine more than a week (or ten days if the return could not be made on the regular day) and one neighbor was to pass to the next nearest, and so to the end. Afterwards a second reading could be had by applying to head-quarters, and often the second time would give the best chance to read the more weighty articles. Then in the busy summer if the reading got behind-hand, there was the better accumulation for the long winter evenings and stormy days in-doors.

From reading magazine articles, historical or otherwise, some of the more scholarly among the young people, began to want more books on history, biography, science, and works of writers named of which they scarce knew before, and thus by degrees quite a little book club was also formed. Mr. Archer had catalogues, or showed advertisements where to send for them, of desirable works in all branches of literature, and of some houses where books were sold so cheap that a single dollar, wisely expended, would give a vast deal of useful and entertaining reading.

"To think," said he, "of books so cheap now; books which I would have made almost any sacrifice to have obtained had prices then been within my boyhood's means. To think of being able to get almost any one of Shakespeare's plays for three cents; to get standard poets for half a dollar, or even less; to have Macaulay's fascinating essays, with others of the English essayists, for a mere song; valuable histories for as low as fifteen cents a volume, and other standard works at equally low prices. Of course these prices do not cover the best editions, but even books in paper covers, if of fair print, are not to be despised. And standard fiction also comes in with the rest.

Dating from the book club, the Archers became more interested in their neighbors, and their neighbors more truly appreciated the worth and culture of the family recently come among them. And this led to other ways and means of entertainment, so that the young people became much more at home in the country than they once thought possible for them to be.—*Household.*

"EXCEPT JOE WHITBREAD."

A lady in Dorsetshire, England, went to the home of a sick man, Joe Whitbread by name. She found him very ill, being, in fact, doubled up with pain before the fire.

After speaking with him for a few minutes concerning his health, she turned the conversation to his state before God. He unhesitatingly declared that in that respect he was all right, as he had never injured any one in his life, and was not a bit afraid to die, altogether evincing his state to be one of stubborn self-righteousness.

Having heard all he had to say without making much answer, she proposed to read to him a little from the Word of God. He made no objection, and she accordingly opened her Bible at Romans iii. 9, reading it as follows, very slowly, and with much emphasis upon the words in italics:

"'What then? are we better than they? No, in no wise: for we have before proved both Jews and Gentiles, that they are all under sin'—*except Joe Whitbread.*

"'As it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one'—*except Joe Whitbread.*

"'There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God'—*except Joe Whitbread.*

"'They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one'—*except Joe Whitbread.*

"'Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God'—*except Joe Whitbread.*

"'Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight'—*except Joe Whitbread.*

"'But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets; even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all, and upon all them that believe: for there is no difference'—*except Joe Whitbread.*

"'For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God'—*except Joe Whitbread.*"

When she came to the last of these verses, he cried out in great distress, "Oh, stop, ma'am! I can't bear it any more! Oh, stop, stop, ma'am!"

She, affecting surprise, asked what was the matter, remarking, "I'm only putting together what God says and what you say. God says, '*All have sinned;*' and you say you have *not*; so that must be '*except Joe Whitbread.*'". Only a few more words passed, and she left.

The next time she saw him, the moment she appeared in his room his face brightened up with joy and gladness, and he exclaimed how delighted he was to see her, having been longing for her to come. He then related what agonies of soul he had gone through since her first interview with him, so much so that a report began to spread in the village that he had lost his reason; but the Lord had revealed himself to him, and it was all now perfect, cloudless peace, and he was longing to depart and to be with Christ.

They accordingly rejoiced and praised together for the wondrous grace that had rescued him from the self-righteousness in which Satan had held his prey. A few days afterward he fell asleep, having been full of joy from the moment he found peace to that in which his spirit passed into the presence of him whose precious, perfect work had made him meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light.

Dear reader, are you *self-righteous?* God's Word says, "There is none that doeth good, no, not one." (Romans iii. 12.)—*English Paper.*

TELLING JESUS.

"Told Him all things."—Mark vi. 30.

When you have been out for a day, what do you look forward to as you come home in the evening? Why do you run so eagerly into the house and look so bright? You want to tell "all about it" to some one whom you love—father, or mother, brothers or sisters: and you can hardly talk fast enough to pour it all out. You begin at the beginning, and tell everything (if they will only let you stay up long enough) the pleasure and the mishaps, what has been done, or what has been said.

When each day is over and you go to bed, what do you tell Jesus? Do you tell Him everything too? Perhaps you do not tell Him anything at all; or, perhaps, you only tell Him of something that you have done wrong and are sorry for; you never thought of such a thing as telling Him everything! Yet he loves you better than the dear ones down stairs who listened to all your little stories.

When the apostles had been away, they "gathered themselves together unto Jesus, and told Him all things, both what they had done and what they had taught." Can you not fancy the gentle, gracious Master listening to everything so kindly, so patiently, letting them tell Him all their mistakes and all their success, all that had made them glad and all that had made them sorry? And can you not fancy the disciples sitting at His feet and looking up into His face, and seeing how interested He was in all they had done, and not wishing to keep anything back from such a dear Master, and finding their own love to Him growing warmer and brighter for this sweet hour of talk with Him? How different if they had just said a few cold words to Him and never told Him anything! Try this to-night! It will be such a help, such a comfort, and before long you will find it such a joy to tell Jesus everything:

Tell Him all the failures,
Tell Him all the sins;
He is kindly listening,
Till His child begins.

F. R. H.

LIVING BOTTLES.

"What will you have for dessert?" asked my friend with whom I was dining at a cafe in the old City of Mexico.

From where we sat I looked out upon a sea of waving palms and tropical plants. The great leaves of the banana, with their rich green tints changing to darker hues, moved listlessly in the evening breeze that stirred and rustled the pointed cocoa leaves in close imitation of falling rain. Richly-colored lizards darted about among the foliage, gorgeous insects filled the air, while, far away, a fitting background to the picture, rose the deep blue outlines of the distant mountains. The scene was dessert enough for me, and I said so.

"Ah! you want something light and æsthetic," laughed my companion, and whispering something in Spanish to the waiter, the latter darted off; returning some minutes later, he placed before me the strangest dessert it was ever my good-fortune to see.

At first I supposed it was a dish of white currants. The objects were round, but of a clear amber hue, as if drops or globules of this beautiful substance had been moulded into ornamental shapes. Each globule seemed to have a stem, and looking at my friend enquiringly, I found that he took one by this portion and ate it as he would a grape.

I did the same, and found that instead of fruit I had eaten a little morsel of honey, quite delicious, and certainly served in a tempting way.

Looking closer, I now discovered that the honey-balls were animals, none less, in fact, than the famous Mexican delicacy, the honey-ant, known to science under the title of *Myrmecocystus Mexicanus*.

"Yes," replied my friend in answer to a question, "what you thought a fruit is nothing but an ant gorged with honey. Some people object to them, but I leave it to you, as to which is the worse, eating one of these *gourmands* that is insensible to pain, or devouring an oyster raw immediately after it has been torn from the shell and tortured with lemon-juice and condiments? It's merely a matter of taste, and I prefer the ant and its honey."

My readers will ask, how did it happen that so many ants contained such an over-supply of honey, and in the explanation we find one of the most remarkable as well as curious features of animal life.

The honey-ants are found from Southern Mexico as far north as Colorado, and are easily recognized by the tall mound-like structures or nests that they erect.

They are like the owl, almost entirely nocturnal, carrying on their out-door work at night, although their domestic duties underground are probably not neglected during the day. As soon as the darkness comes on, they sally out of their subterranean cities, and wander about, climbing bushes and trees in search of the food of their choice, which, curiously enough, is honey.

This will occur to you as an exceptional case among ants, as they generally, perhaps, as a rule, feed upon material that can be stored up; but here where the food is liquid you would assume that it could not be laid by for a rainy day, so to speak, for the simple reason that the ants have no tanks, flasks, or bottles to hold the supply, nor the ingenuity to make them. Let us not say, however, that they have not sufficient intelligence to find a substitute, as they certainly have, and we find it in the curious dessert set before us in the City of Mexico.

If we examine one of these ants, we shall find that the abdomen, or rear larger portion, is protected by ten plates or bands that are movable, and as they are connected or underlaid by a very delicate membrane almost like rubber, they can be stretched apart to a wonderful degree, allowing the abdomen to assume the appearance of a balloon four or five times its normal size. The ants also have a crop that is capable of great distention, and governed by sets of powerful muscles; in other respects they resemble ordinary ants.

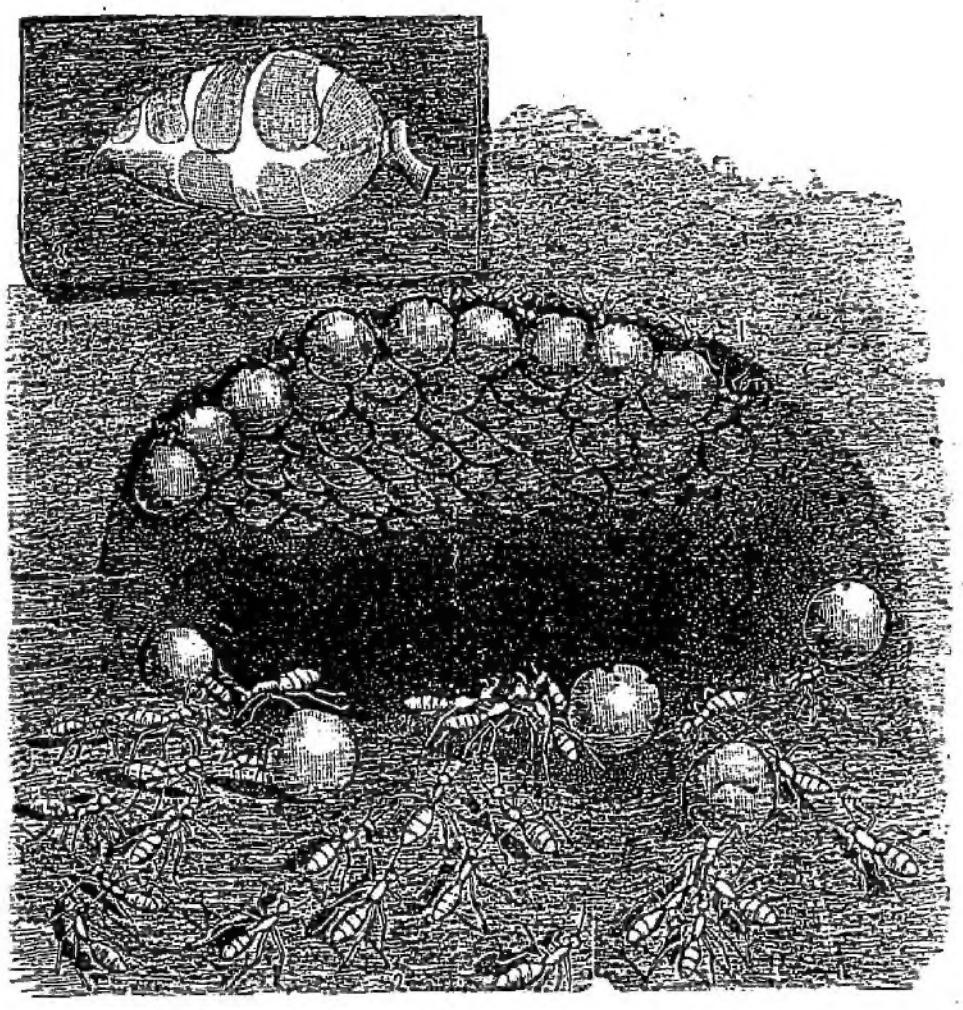
Now by some arrangement, whether by agreement taking their turn, or by force, is not known, certain ants are selected by the others as living bottles; in other words, they are obliged to receive the supply brought in by the rest, and retain it. When the foraging ants return, they have their crops filled with honey, and proceed directly to the bottles.

Placing their mouths in contact with that of the unfortunate living receptacle, by contraction of the muscles mentioned, the contents of the crop are forced out and into the bottle. Ant after ant unloads in this way, until the elasticity of the recipient is tested to the utmost, and it can receive or hold no more.

The insect is then absolutely helpless. The crop and abdomen have expanded until it resembles an amber-hued sac, as we have seen, the size of a currant, the head and limbs having almost disappeared, hanging upon the side like a stem, while the other organs within the little creature are so pressed out of shape that it is with the greatest difficulty they are traced.

Loaded down in this way, and surfeited with sweets, the bottles are naturally powerless, and that this is appreciated by the others is evident from an examination of their nests, when it will be found that the honey-bearers are given a separate room and there tended with the greatest care. They are, perhaps, placed there before being filled, or carried in later; but in any case, they are found together in a separate apartment, hanging from the roof, to which they cling with their limbs, and appearing like ripe fruit suspended from invisible vines.

This, then, is the pantry, or store-room, of the honey-ants, and here is kept what



1. Store-house, and ants clinging to the wall. 2. Filling a living bottle. 3. Abdomen of honey-ant, showing the plates.

corresponds to the winter store of other animals. When the other ants are hungry they proceed to this room, and lick off the drops of honey that by muscular contraction are forced out by the patient and never hungry living bottle.

The nests of the honey-ant are eagerly sought after by the native Mexicans, and the store-houses pillaged of the bottles that are served as delicacies by them.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE YOUNG ARTISTS.

The Flandreau children were having a royal time. Mamma Flandreau had been obliged to go out, leaving them to themselves for a couple of hours. With some children I have known, being left to themselves would mean a general upturning and overturning of whatever the house contained. Not so with the Flandreaus. Said Tom one day:

"What's the fun of turning things topsy-turvy. We only have to put things to rights again, and that's no fun!"

"Oh, I never put things back!" said young Ames. "Mother always does that."

"I don't make my mother wait on me," said Tom. "I would be ashamed to turn the house upside down, and leave her to right it."

"But what can a fellow do? If I had as many nice things as you have, I don't suppose I'd be quite so anxious for a general tear around."

"Maybe it is because we never have 'tear rounds,' as you call them, that we have the other things" replied Tom.

Well, as I said, they were having a royal time all by themselves. Mamma had given them permission to use her "colors," and some remarkable work was being done.

"I am going to paint a portrait of Martin Luther," Tom announced.

"Martin Luther!" exclaimed Fred, from the other side of the table. "Who is he, and what do you know about him?"

"Oh, I know quite a good deal about him. In the first place, you remember that Sunday you stayed at home from church with the mumps? It was away back in Oc— no, it was November, the tenth of November. Well, Sunday was the eleventh, but the day was the tenth."

"What under the sun are you talking about? Your story is like a rail fence."

"Why," said Tom, laughing at his own blunders, "you know that Martin Luther was born four hundred years ago, and his birthday was the tenth of November; and as the eleventh was the Sabbath, they concluded to have a service all about him that day. In a great many churches the minister gave a little account of his life, and that is the way I got interested, by hearing Doctor Brown preach. Then I found a lot of books in the library, ever so many volumes, and I have been reading them. I've seen the books there before, but I always thought they were dry. I tell you I was mistaken that time! They are anything but dry! They read like a story, and an awfully fascinating one too. I sat up one night until midnight reading."

"What is the name of this wonderful book, or rather books?"

D'Aubigne's *History of the Reformation.* You see Doctor Brown mentioned the name of the book in his sermon, and I remembered where I had seen it; and the first thing I did after I came from church was to get the books, and if you'll believe it, I couldn't let them alone!"

Katrine sat upon a high stool, very busy mixing colors. She was intent upon pouring out a few drops of oil, but manifested her interest in Tom's talk by saying:

"But how can you paint Martin Luther's picture, unless you have something to tell you how he looked?"

"Oh, I am going to paint him just as I imagined he looked. I think he would have to be very grand. His face would have to be a very strong one, and very—oh, well! if you had read all about him, you would know how to paint his portrait. Oh, he was a grand man! I am glad I got hold of those books. I told Professor Marsh that I was reading D'Aubigne, and he said he wished every boy would read it."

"What did Martin Luther do?" asked Katrine, adding a little carmine to the paint upon her palette.

"It would take a week to tell what he did. It took that old fellow who wrote those books about a dozen volumes to get it all in; and you expect me to put it into one sentence. He thought things were going wrong in the Church and he set himself against the wrong practices and began a reform. This book is called the *History of the Reformation*, and it tells all about how Luther stood up against the Pope, and how, even when his life was in danger, he never flinched. Oh, he was a grand character!"

The children worked on silently for a time. Presently Tom exclaimed:

"This picture looks like father! And, come to think of it, I believe he looks like Luther. Don't you remember, Fred, that day when Mr. Smith told him he would lose trade if he didn't vote for Mr. Wood, how father stood up and said, 'I can better afford to lose trade than to sully my conscience!'"

"I think my father is as good as your Luther, and when I am grown up I mean to write a dozen books about him."

Loyal little Katrine!

I have told you this bit of a story, hoping it may direct the attention of some of the boys and girls to this same *History of the Reformation*, written by this D'Aubigne.—*The Pansy.*

"SAYING A GOOD THING."

Thirty years ago Matthew B—— was graduated from one of our principal colleges. A brilliant success in life was prophesied for him by his teachers, fellow-students and acquaintances. He was, they acknowledged, thorough as a scholar, possessed a strong logical mind and keen wit; was honest, earnest, and by birth and training a gentleman. Yet when he left the college, not a friend came to shake his hand and to wish him good fortune.

B—— had a keen eye for the frailties of other people, and a gift for sarcasm. He delighted to "give a quiet cut," as he called it, to the man he liked best; to thrust some sharp witticism into a hidden defect or weakness, and watch the victim writhe in impotent misery.

He really did not appreciate the pain he gave in the enjoyment of saying "a good thing." But he left college without a friend. He went into the ministry with the most sincere purpose. His sermons were powerful, his appeals earnest. But personally he became obnoxious to one congregation after another, until finally he was obliged to give up the charge of a church altogether. He then became a teacher.

No man was more competent for the work, as far as knowledge went, but his satirical gibes made him detested by his pupils. He died a year ago, a poor, lonely, embittered man. Whatever affection or feeling lay unsatisfied in his breast had been thwarted by the habit of sarcasm, which drove all love and friendship from him.

In the arsenal at Venice there is still preserved a small golden key, which bears the name of the Key of Death. It was an instrument invented in the fifteenth century by an Algerine named Tebaldo. It hung at his girdle, and while toying carelessly with it, he would turn the handle, when a needle of exquisite fineness was shot from it, which would bury itself unfelt in the flesh of the person whom he wished to kill. The needle was tipped with a deadly poison. It was not until Tebaldo's victims could be counted by the score that his secret was discovered.

The young man who sets out in life with a keen wit, a poor opinion of human nature, and a delight in saying a good thing at anybody's cost, will soon find that he wields as cruel and deadly a weapon as this famous Key of Death, which will not only wound others, but poison his own life and leave him to a solitary, miserable old age.—*Youth's Companion.*

BE ALWAYS displeased at what thou art, if thou desire to attain to what thou art not; for where thou last pleased thyself there thou abidest.—*Quarles.*

ADOPTED JIM.

BY REV. H. A. ROBSON, D.D.

"That we might receive the adoption of sons." Gal. 4: 5.

"Git out the way there, you Jim!"

A dozen boys were shouting it at once. They were newsboys waiting for their armfuls of evening papers, and Jim, making the dozen a "baker's dozen," was taking up the whole sidewalk with his antics just as a lady wished to get by. This Jim, an orphan, was the raggedest, dirtiest boy of them all. He had no home or lodgings. He slept in doorways, in boxes and carts. When only five years old he was turned into the street and had been a "street arab" ever since. He was now eleven, but the boys called him "Baby," want food and exposure having stunted his growth.

Jim got out of the lady's way nimbly enough; but he was not a little surprised when she stopped and beckoned to him. In spite of rags and dirt the boy attracted her. She had noticed him more than once before. Having enquired about him, her mind was already made up. "Jim," said she, "I want you to go home with me. We have no child; you shall be my own boy. You shall have my name. I will adopt you. Will you go with me?"

Jim hesitated. He partly knew what the invitation included—combing, scrubbing, school, church, all the clean ways of a Christian home. He had often passed the beautiful house of Mrs. Williams, and many a dark night stopped on the pavement to look in at the cheerful fire which seemed so far from his cold, bare feet. He was sure that her home would be no place for a dirty body or a dirty mind. Soon, however, a better light came into his eyes. He looked up at his new friend, saying, "Yes, mum, I'll go." At her side off he started, but stopped to shout, "Bye, bye, boys!" and to throw to them the rag that had once been a cap.

On the way home the lady and the boy, whose name was hereafter to be not "Baby Jim," but James Williams, talked about the future. It was understood that James was to put off his bad ways and try to please and honor the kind friend who was now his mother. Once within the house the new life began—scissors for the tangled hair, a bath, clean linen, a fresh suit. There was a great change in the boy, inside as well as outside. When he had said, "Yes, mum, I'll go," his heart had spoken. It was the turning away from a dark, bad life.

For a while all went well. The people liked "James Williams." He was certainly learning good things. He was like Mrs. Williams' son. But one day, down town, he passed the old corner, and there were the old boys. They surrounded him and with all the wit and cruelty they could command made "game" of him. For a time he bore their taunts smilingly, but patience was at last exhausted, and a battle followed in which James became "Jim" again, scratched and bruised, soiled and torn. "It's all over," he said to himself. "I'm only Jim, after all. I'll not go home. She'll not want to see me."

Quickly, however, the good lady, missing her boy and suspecting what might have happened, searched for him and found him. He was sorry and penitent, but fully discouraged. "I'm only Jim," he wailed.

Then it was the mother's turn to speak. "Why, James, I adopted you," she said. "I have taken you into my family. I have given you my name. You are my heir. I love you. Did you suppose that I could so easily let you go? You may sometimes do wrong, but you are my boy still. You are sorry. You love me. I am glad to forgive you and shall try always to help you. Come right back home, and I am sure that you will be more than ever careful to please me." There was new light in the boy's heart. "So I am Williams anyhow" he thought, "just because she adopted me! I'll try harder than ever to do as she tells me."

In Jim's experience is it not possible, young Christian, that there may be help for you? A new name you also have. Christ has "chosen you out of the world." John 15: 19. He has loved you and washed you (Rev. 1: 5), and clothed you (Luke 15: 22) with his own righteousness. Have you now fallen into temptation and grieved him whose child you have become? Do not, in your shame and sorrow, make Jim's mistake. Do not stay away from Jesus Christ. He loves you and wishes to help you. Come straight back home and let it be proven by your new obedience that you are indeed a child of adoption.—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*

TEMPERANCE PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.

BY ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

With the subject of muscles comes the first emphatic mention of alcohol. Our conception of what should be taught here may be made clearer by listening to statements that are often uttered by (otherwise) intelligent people.

"I know there's no alcohol in my currant wine," says the thrifty housewife, "for I made it myself, and I didn't put in a drop."

"You might as well give up eating apples as stop drinking cider," cries the old farmer. "Cider's nothing but apple juice, anyway. One's just as good food as the other."

"It's the adulterated liquors that are doing all the mischief. Pure wines and unadulterated whiskey are the friends of temperance. Nobody but a fanatic will cry them down," announces the manufacturer of liquors by the "patent process."

The brewer says, "You eat fermented (raised) barley bread; why not drink fermented barley juice?"

"It's one of the good creatures of God," claims an ardent advocate of wine and brandy, "and we've no right to reject it. Of course, a man mustn't make a beast of himself."

Were it clearly understood that alcohol is correctly classed among poisons by our highest scientific and medical authorities; that it is never found in nature, but is always the "product of decay and death"; that the process of alcoholic fermentation changes a food to a poison—potent in the direct ratio of its quantity;—were these proven facts established in the minds of the people, many of the prevalent excuses for liquor-drinking would remain unuttered. As teachers who are anxious to remove the snares set for the unwary feet of our pupils, it becomes us to make clear the origin and nature of alcohol. This is best done by experiment. Let me show you a picture from life.

Scene: the class-room of a country high school. Time, the hours for the physiology recitation. Incidentally, a table upon which are three bottles—*a*, *b*, and *c*—connected by glass and rubber tubing; *a* and *b* made air-tight by corks and paraffine, *c* is open at the top; *a* contains a mixture of molasses, water, and yeast; *b* has been filled with water. The apparatus has been standing by the fire for a half hour or more, and the "working" of the liquid in *a* is plainly visible. The carbonic acid is driving the water from *b* into *c* drop by drop, and the watching students see acted out the blackboard formula—"Sugar is changed by fermentation into alcohol and carbonic-acid gas."

The teacher completes the chain of evidence; he allows all the water in *b* to pass off, and then applies to its contents the tests for carbonic acid (carbonic dioxide); he distils and redistils the liquids remaining in *a*, until the alcohol is pure enough to burn. The pupils have seen that an invisible something expelled the water from *b*, and have watched the process with fascinated eyes; they have little or no knowledge of chemistry, nor do they need it, to understand that the very nature of the substance has been changed.

All liquors have alcohol as their one essential ingredient, and the fact to be as firmly fixed in the minds of the children as the multiplication table or the boundaries of the United States, is this: Alcohol is a poison to stomach and heart, to nerves and blood, to muscles and brain—always and everywhere—in cider, home-made wine, and beer, as in brandy, whiskey, and gin. This involves the classification of liquors into distilled and fermented; the further description of the processes of fermentation and distillation.

It is especially important to show by distillation that cider contains alcohol, since this beverage is a fruitful source of evil in many communities.—*Journal of Education.*

A STRANGE BUT TRUE STORY.

MRS. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS.

A wealthy farmer, who cultivated some thousands of acres, had, by his benevolence, endeared himself greatly to his large staff of laborers. He had occasion to leave the country in which his property was situated for some years; but before doing so he gave his people clearly to understand that he wished the whole of the cultivated land to be kept in hand, and all the unreclaimed moor and marsh lands to be inclosed and drained and brought into cultivation; that even the hills were to be terraced, and the poor mountain pastures manured, so that no single corner of the estate should remain neglected and barren. Ample resources were left for the execution of these works, and there were sufficient hands to have accomplished the whole within the first few years of the proprietor's absence.

He was detained in the country to which he had been called very many years. Those whom he left children were men and women when he came back, and so the number of his tenantry and laborers were vastly multiplied. Was the task he had given them to do accomplished? Alas! no! Bog and moor and mountain waste were only wilder and more desolate than ever. Fine rich virgin soil by thousands of acres was bearing only briars and thistles. Meadow after meadow was utterly barren for want of culture. Nay, by far the larger part of the farm seemed never to have been even visited by his servants.

Had they, then, been idle? Some had. But large numbers had been industrious enough. They had expended a vast amount of labor, and skilled labor, too; but they had bestowed it all on the park immediately around the house. This had been cultivated to such a pitch of perfection that the workmen had scores of times quarrelled with each other because the operations of one interfered with those of his neighbor.

And a vast amount of labor had been lost in sowing the very same spot. For instance, with corn fifty times over in one season, so that the seed never had time to germinate and grow and bear fruit, in caring for the forest trees, as if they had been tender saplings; in manuring soils already too fat, and watering pastures already too wet.

The farmer was positively astonished at the misplaced ingenuity with which labor and seed and manure, skill and time and strength had been wasted for no result. The very same amount of toil and capital, expended according to his directions, would have brought the whole demesne into culture, and yielded a noble revenue. And season after season had rolled away in sad succession, leaving those unbounded acres of various, but all reclaimable, soils barren and useless; and as to the park, it would have been far more productive and perfect had it been relieved of the extraordinary and unaccountable amount of energy expended on it.

Why did these laborers act so absurdly? Did they wish to labor in vain? On the contrary, they were forever craving for fruit, coveting good crops, longing for great results.

Did they not wish to carry out the farmer's views about his property? Well, they seemed to have that desire, for they were always reading the directions he wrote, and said continually to each other, "You know we have to bring the whole property into order." But they did not do it.

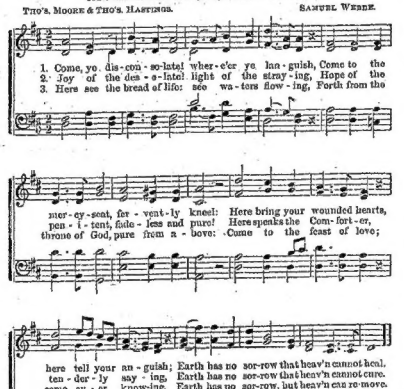
Some few tried, and ploughed up a little plot here and there, and sowed corn and tober crops. Perhaps these failed, and so the rest got discouraged? Oh, no! They saw that the yield was magnificent—far richer in proportion than they got themselves. They clearly perceived that; but yet they failed to follow a good example. Nay, when the labors of a few in some distant valley had resulted in a crop they were all unable to gather in by themselves, the others would not even go and help them to bring home the sheaves! They preferred watching for weeds among the roses in the overcrowded garden, and counting the blades of grass in the park and the leaves on the trees.

Then, they were fools, surely, not wise men? Traitors, not true servants to their Lord?

Ah! I can't tell! You must ask Him that! I only know their Master said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," and that 1881 years afterward they had not even mentioned that there was a Gospel to one-half of the world!

Come, ye Disconsolate.

"Come unto me and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

THO'S. MOORE & THO'S. HASTINGS. SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late! wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des-o-late! light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life: see wa-ters flow-ing, Forth from the
mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts,
pen-i-tent, faile-less and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
throne of God, pure from a-bove: Come to the feast of love;
here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n cannot heal.
ten-der-ly say-ing, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n cannot cure.
come, ev-er know-ing, Earth has no sor-row, but heav'n can re-move.

NOT LONG AGO, in one of the newer sections of Detroit, where the detestable saloon had not yet made its appearance, a grocer of the neighborhood conceived the idea that it would be a profitable thing for him to attach a beer-shop to his store. The ladies of the community heard of it. A conference was held. They were mothers, and they were not willing that their boys should be tempted by an open saloon in their midst. Quickly they decided what to do. A delegation visited Mr. Grocer and informed him that he must abandon the saloon idea or lose their patronage. He saw the point, and yielded it gracefully, and the neighborhood is yet free from the saloon. The idea is a good one for other communities.—*Michigan Paper.*

THE MARABOU AND SECRETARY BIRD.

These birds are esteemed for their usefulness—the one as scavenger, devouring such things as might putrefy and breed disease in a hot country if left upon the ground, the other for destroying noxious serpents.

The Marabou, also known as the Adjutant, is allied to the stork, and is a native of India and the Asiatic Islands. It is also found in the tropical parts of Africa, where it frequents the vicinity of the negro villages and assists the vultures in their avocation of clearing away garbage. It is from this African species, rather smaller than the Indian Adjutant, that the beautiful plumes known as Marabou feathers, and which grow under its wings, are obtained, those imported into Europe coming chiefly from Senegal in the western part of Africa, where they are plucked from the bird at the proper seasons.

It is a rather ungainly-looking bird, standing over five feet high, and measuring from the tip of each outstretched wing not less than fourteen feet. The head and neck are nearly bare, the beak extremely large, long, and strong; and under it hangs a downy pouch or bag like a dewlap, which is capable of being inflated. The upper part of this bird is of an ashy gray color, the under part white. It is not only an exceedingly greedy bird, but manages to swallow at one mouthful a rabbit, a fowl, or even a small leg of mutton. And when domesticated, its habits of purloining render it necessary to keep all kinds of provisions out of its reach.

In India, where they feed on lizards and various reptiles as well as all kinds of filth, it has on this account secured the good-will of the people. In the large cities of Hindostan they are as tame as dogs, and clean the streets of every kind of rubbish that litters them. And at meal-time they never fail to draw themselves up in line in front of the barracks to eat the refuse thrown to them by the soldiers. Their gluttony is so great that they will swallow enormous bones. At Calcutta and Chandernagore they are protected by the law, which inflicts a fine of ten guineas or any one killing a Marabou.

In their wild state they live in companies, and when seen at a distance near the mouths of the rivers, coming toward an observer—which it is said they often do with outspread wings—they may be taken for canoes upon the surface of a smooth sea; or when on the sand-banks, appear like men and women picking up shells. They are so peaceable in manner, and so inclined to become familiar, that there is little difficulty in taming them.

Dr. Latham, who resided in Sneathman, gives an account of a young one brought up tame in that part of Africa. He says: "The bird always took its place at dinner-time in the great hall behind its master's chair, where it remained in expectation of its usual share in the meal. The servants had some difficulty in protecting the dishes from its attack previously to the arrival of the guests. They carried switches for the purpose, but it would frequently watch its opportunity and snatch some favorite morsel before they were aware of it. In this way it has been known to swallow an entire boiled fowl at one mouthful. It was permitted to fly at large about the island, and roosted very high among the silk-cotton trees, from the top of which, even at the distance of two or three miles, it would espy the servant carrying the dishes across the yard and dash down among them as they entered the hall." A rather doubtful sort of pet, we think.

The attitudes of these birds are curious, and frequently not a little ludicrous, for at rest they either stand up on one leg with the neck—which is bare of feathers—withdrawn and the bill drawn toward the breast in a stupid sort of way, or else sit upon the ground with one or both legs directed straight before them. But when excited, they elongate their necks and stand at their full height, menacing with their large bills, which, however, are too light to inflict any serious injury even had the bird courage enough to attempt it.

The illustration gives a view of a Marabou awkwardly seated on the ground, and a Serpent-eater, or Secretary Bird, standing at its full height. This latter bird was a puzzle to naturalists to classify, its long legs being like the wading-birds, while in other respects it was more like the vultures, with which it is now classified. It feeds exclusively on reptiles, and is a native of Africa, Asia, and the Philippine Islands.

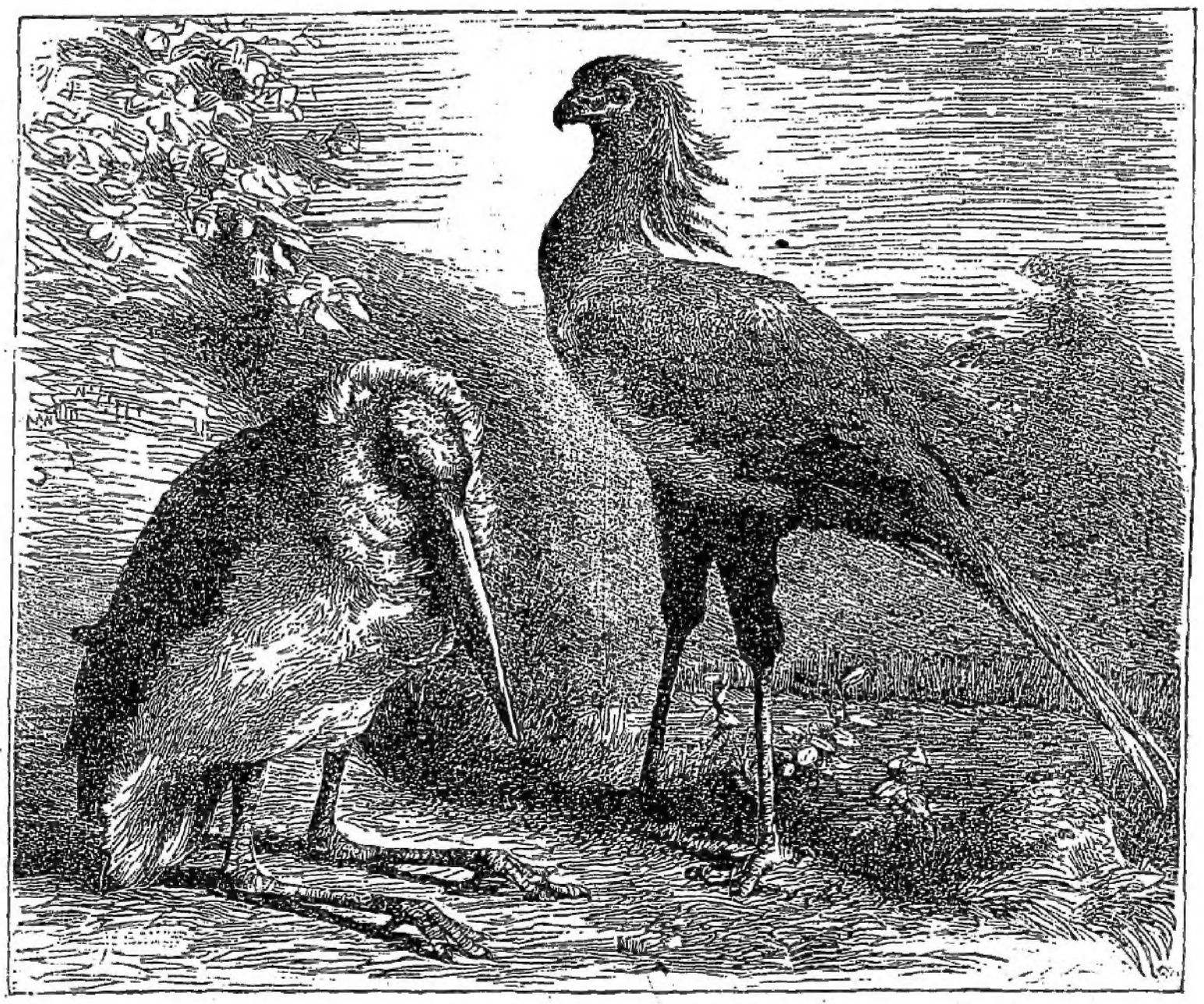
The Secretary Vulture, which is said to have received its name from the early Dutch settlers on account of the pendent feathers on the back of the head, which reminded them of the pens stuck behind the ears of writing-clerks, is about three feet in length, the plumage a bluish gray color, and feeds principally on various reptiles, which it devours in great numbers. It is indeed so highly valued on account of the constant war it wages against serpents that a fine is inflicted in the Cape Colony for shooting it. It fearlessly attacks the most venomous serpents, stunning them with blows of its wings. The wings, which are short and provided with long protuberances, are most destructive weapons, and the bird uses them with much skill to disable the serpents. On approaching them it carries forward the point of one of its wings in order to parry their venomous bites, and waits till it finds an opportunity to spurn or tread on its adversary, or take him on its pinions and toss him up into the air. When it has at last thus wearied him out, it kills and devours him at leisure. Small serpents are swallowed entire, the larger ones torn to pieces.

The Secretary is most frequently seen in pairs or solitary. They pair about July, the male bird having first engaged in sanguinary conflict for the choice of his mate. Their nest, which is flat and lined on the inside with down and feathers, is constructed in the thickest bushes or on the loftiest trees, in which two or three eggs of a whitish hue, spotted with red, are laid. The young ones are very late in leaving their nest, for they are slow in acquiring full development, it being nearly four months before they are able to stand firmly and run about with complete freedom.

This bird is easily tamed when taken young. The colonists have made a domestic bird of it to protect their poultry against the incursions of serpents and rats. With the inhabitants of the poultry-yard it is on good terms, and when it sees any of them quarrelling it will run to part the combatants. It must be confessed, however, that unless well fed it does not scruple to help itself to a plump chicken.

Figuier says that in 1832 the Secretary Bird was introduced into the French West Indies, particularly Guadeloupe and Martinique, on purpose to make war upon the rattlesnakes, a dangerous reptile swarming in those countries. The introduction of the Secretary into the Antilles also proved to be a real benefit.

Here we have two birds that seem especially endowed by our Heavenly Father to serve man by consuming garbage and devouring such creatures, which, if left to increase too rapidly, would become a terror to the inhabitants of those countries; and yet such reptiles are necessary in their turn to destroy other vermin. And thus we find in nature a perfect law controlling all things. —*Illus Chris. Weekly.*



THE MARABOU AND SECRETARY BIRD.

TRUST the people—the wise and the ignorant, the good and the bad—with the gravest questions, and in the end you educate the race.

CONVINCING ARGUMENTS.

"Another good man gone wrong, Harry," said his fellow clerk as he read of a prominent man whose accounts fell short, and whose name was on a church roll. "An excellent man, they say he was, in the Sunday-school and prayer meeting."

"I generally think, in such cases, that the heading should be, as some papers state it, 'Another bad man gone right.' The State Prison seems the right place for any man who makes religion a cloak for dishonesty."

"There seems to be a good deal of that kind of cloaking going on these times."

"It seems to me there is but little, considering the good repute in which Christian character is held. I should suppose every sharper would try and assume it."

"I think you are mistaken there. I have often heard men say that for downright hard bargains and taking the advantage when it could be safely done, commend them the church members."

"Talk is cheap. When any of these people want a reliable man for a most important trust they do not hunt around among the infidel, profane, Sabbath-breaking men of their acquaintance to find him. If irreligious men have a standard of honesty so much higher, why don't you occasionally see such head lines as these: 'Another unbeliever gone wrong!' 'Another Sabbath-breaking defaulter!' Nobody would think of it as an incongruity even, or worth putting in capitals. Nor was it thought at all remarkable when a murderer lately boasted on the scaffold that he was a disciple of Ingersoll."

"You claim that these good people who go wrong are not the genuine sort."

"Certainly, they are only counterfeit. There must be true coin somewhere, or nobody would take the trouble to imitate it."

"There is a good deal of counterfeit in circulation, in my opinion."

"I presume there is, and yet there is but little compared with the genuine coin in every day use. To change the figure, we are told that 'tares and wheat will grow together until the harvest,' but that is nothing against the wheat. Have you been so unlucky in your life as never to have known a thoroughly good person?"

"Oh, not so bad as that, Harry; I don't quite forget my father, nor what I owe to good Mr. Lyman, who has befriended me these half dozen years. They were both true gold, if they were true blue as well."

"One good fact is worth a dozen arguments. You can't gainsay such lives. But I can tell you a more convincing way still of satisfying yourself on the question. Test it personally. One grain of experience can outweigh all that the world can pile on to the opposite scale. It isn't a matter of much moment whether you believe that such a sovereign as Queen Victoria reigns on the other side of the water, but it is a matter of most serious importance whether you believe in the God that rules this world, and whether you acknowledge his claims upon you."

"How do you come by such a fund of

this kind of information, Harry? Do you get it by going to church Sundays?"

"Do you own such a book as this?" he asked, drawing a little New Testament from his pocket.

"I can't say that I do."

"If you'll read it it will give you more knowledge than all the other books on the subject you can get together. It is a small book and easy reading; but you want to read it with a candid mind. If you say you will read it I will give it to you."

"I'll try it, and if I finally conclude to give it up I'll hand it back to you.

"I sincerely hope you will persevere for one reading at least, and I am confident that whatever you regret it will not be the time you devote to this book.—*Justice.*

LEWIS THURSTON.

It was the night for conference and prayer in the church at Dayville. The members had been desired to tarry, after the meeting was over—as a case of discipline was to be brought before them. Every eye scanned the little company, wondering who the unhappy subject might be, until the bowed head of Lewis Thurston arrested the attention of one and all, and fixed upon him as the culprit.

The silence was at length broken by a deep sigh from the old deacon, who sat near the desk, as the pastor arose, and in a saddened but gentle voice said:

"I am most glad that brother Thurston is here to-night, to answer for himself to the charges made against him. Brother, will you prepare to rise and defend yourself? It is a long time since we have heard the sound of your voice in this room."

The person thus addressed raised his head, and attempted to speak, and fell back again into his seat, utterly overcome. A second attempt proved more successful, as he arose and addressed the assembly.

"I know you will not wish me to call you brethren, I have so disgraced many of you. You know my weakness! I am not worthy to be numbered among you, and I bide your decision. Do with me as you think best." He bowed his head upon his hands, and wept aloud; others wept also, while little Ruth Thurston, who had unfortunately accompanied her father, looked as if all the life in her body was concentrated in her eyes. How anxiously she scanned every face, as if to read their inmost thoughts, gazing most earnestly upon Squire Beers, one of the most prominent members of the church.

This is only one page of a very sad history. Let me tell you more.

Lewis Thurston had been a steady, industrious man, bright in intellect and always working with a right good will, but spending, unfortunately, as fast as he earned. In the meantime he had married, and like thousands of others without money, was fond of company and open handed, and somehow he spent his wages, he could hardly tell how, and at the end of the year had scarcely a dollar in his pocket. Still he managed to keep out of debt, thanks perhaps to his wife, and it was wonderful to see how small a sum, under the good wife's management, gave the appearance of taste and comfort to their little home.

On one very hot day in August, Lewis Thurston, after some hours of hard work at the swath, with the perspiration streaming down his ruddy face, happened to come in contact with Squire Beers, who, himself overheated, commanded him to go to his house and bring something to drink. "Brandy, Lewis, rum is too heating such weather as this!" Of course if he did not obey, he would run the risk of being discharged, and with his pledge still new in his pocket, and his covenant vows fresh upon his lips the young man went, soon returning with the brandy, and in a moment of exhaustion drank of the proffered cup, although he well knew that he had broken them both in so doing. Oh! if the first glass of spirit that passes the lips of man or woman could be turned into present poison, what thousands would bespared degradation.

Now Squire Beers was a man strong of head and felt no little contempt for one who could not measure his capacity for strong drink short of drunkenness. Often he had boasted of having drank all kinds of spirits for the last twenty years without the least ill effect.

Never before in Lewis' life had he walked home unsteadily, but to-day his head was as weak to bear as his will to resist, and at its close he had fallen by the way.

The next day Lewis Thurston was discharged. His reputation as a good hand made it easy to get work, but the church of which he was a member properly took notice of his transgression, and Lewis himself was too generous to extenuate it in the least; and though the temptation had often been resisted, there were times when he was very weak, and could not resist the fatal appetite, and out of this experience he was, as we have found, called upon to appear before the church, where the tempter and the tempted were again brought together, for the first time in many months.

When the church members were requested to tarry, Squire Beers made a very impatient gesture to leave, but at the pastor's motion to remain, he took his seat restlessly by the door. Only to Him who knoweth the thoughts and intents of the heart, were Squire Beers' thoughts known just then.

At last, after a profound silence the ice was broken, one and another of the members expressing themselves freely.

Lewis Thurston was a quiet listener. It was now his turn to speak. The words came rapidly, as if they had been burning up his very soul, and must have vent:

"Members of this beloved church, you are right when you say that its welfare is the first thing to be considered. And yet we may not agree always upon the best way to keep it 'a spotless bride for Christ.' I expect to receive my deserts at your hands—I wish also to recommend a way that you may not have thought of. Though I have sinned openly and inexcusably, yet there has not been a moment since God through Christ forgave my sins at this altar, that I have not cared for the welfare of this particular church, nor would I wilfully have injured the weakest among you, for whom Christ died.

"Yet here I must say there is a sin greater than mine. Hear me and I think you will say I am right. My crime is drunkenness, but do you know who taught me to drink? Before I went to work for a brother among you, did I ever touch the demon? I was poor but honest, and proud of my habit in that respect, with my newly signed pledge in my pocket, until I was laughed at and treated with contempt as a coward by one who should have been my friend. To avoid this contempt, which I felt daily, hourly, I drank. Oh how often have I prayed, 'who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' You have had it in your power to uplift me: It is too late now—and worse than that, a brother's hand has mixed the cup! Who is under 'the woe of him who putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips, that maketh him drunken?' Has he nothing to answer for? And said I not right when I pronounced it a greater sin than the one you have laid against me? I will not excuse myself. My sin is written on my own conscience as well as upon your church book—but in the book of remembrance I believe it will be found in very different characters by him 'who suffereth long and is kind.' Leave it with him, for he will be charitable toward his guilty offender. One thing I do ask. Spare your condemnation while you hug to your bosom the cause of my sin! And you, who have young men in your employ, I plead with you before it is too late, see to it that you do not make of them what I am! My words would be to them to-night: 'Touch not, taste not, handle not'—for 'in the end it will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.' These truths spoken may make you more incensed against me, but they are my due. I have done."

Little more was said. Squire Beers shook like an aspen at every word of Lewis Thurston's, stabbing his guilty conscience as they were uttered. Not a hand was extended as the poor, unhappy man went out into the night with no longer a home in the church, and had it not been for Ruth, who held her father closely by the hand, Angel Ruth as he called her, whispering softly, "I love you, if nobody else does," he could not have stood up against this mortification.
—*Mrs. G. Hall in Christian at Work.*

A SALOON can no more be run without using up boys than a flouring-mill without wheat, or a saw-mill without logs. The only question is, whose boys—your boys or mine—our boys or our neighbors'? Will you give your husbands and sons, or must other women give their husbands and sons, that the mill of ruin may grind on? How long will Christian people sleep over these things?—*Christian Instructor.*

Question Corner.—No. 4.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. "Honor thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise" (Eph. vi. 2). In which two verses in the Old Testament do we find the promise here referred to by St. Paul?

2. Where is it said that God "giveth songs in the night"? Which is called the "song of songs"? And how many songs did Solomon write?

3. What was done with the body of Joseph after his death?

4. Which of the kings of Israel is said, by St. Peter, to have been also a prophet?

5. How many people returned from Babylon under Ezra, to rebuild Jerusalem?

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

The initials of the following make a command found in the twelfth chapter of Romans. Consider *I* and *J* as the same letter.

1. One of the minor prophets—a herdsman of Tekoa.
2. What the word Bible means.
3. One of the minor prophets—son of Beeri.
4. A prophecy of one chapter.
5. An epistle of St. Paul written to the people among whom he was put to death.
6. A friend of St. Paul—Bishop of Crete.
7. Tenth minor prophet.
8. History of the early Church.
9. A disciple of St. Paul who ministered at Ephesus.
10. A general name for the Holy Scriptures.
11. The eighth of the minor prophets.
12. The oldest book on record.
13. An epistle of St. Paul written at Rome.
14. An epistle addressed to the scattered Jews.
15. The "evangelical prophet."
16. A prophet whose name is given to two books of the Bible.
17. One of the four greater prophets.
18. An ancient Latin version of the Scriptures.
19. The brother of James the Less—called also Thaddeus.
20. The book relating to Levitical services.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 2.

1. In Gen. ii. 11, 12, where it is said to have been found gold in the land of Havilah.
2. Rom. 5. 12. In I Corinthians xv. 51.; and I Thessalonians iv. 15–17.
3. Isaiah (Isa. vi.; St. John xii. 41).
4. In I Cor. x. 4.
5. Phebe (Rom. xvi. 1, 2).
6. In Mal. iii. 17.; and Prov. xx. 15.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—ROSE OF SHARON.

R-ye	O-ak	S-hittim.
O-nions	F-lags	H-yssop.
S-pikenard		A-lmug.
E-bony		R-ose.
		O-lives.
		N-uts.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Albert Josse French, and Hannah E. Greene.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HELPS.

We are glad to see that the change we have made this year in the *Messenger*—its publication fortnightly instead of only twice a month—is appreciated. Here, for instance, is what one superintendent writes:—

KINGSEY FALLS, Jan. 6, 1886.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal, P.Q.,

DEAR SIRS,—Received from you by yesterday's mail three numbers of the new series of the *Northern Messenger*, with which I am exceedingly pleased and for which please accept my thanks. As a paper for Sunday-schools it certainly seems very appropriate, and most pleasingly suited to supply the great need so long felt by Sunday-schools and all other institutions of a like nature, founded for the purpose of giving children of all lands Christian instruction. Enclosed please find $2.50 for ten numbers of this new series for one year. Again thanking you for sending the samples, I am, dear sirs, yours very truly,

S. H. HANDOCK,
Supt. of Baptist S. School.

The single subscription to the *Northern Messenger*, either Household or Sunday-school edition, is 30 cents a year. Ten copies to one address, $2.50 a year; twenty-five copies, $6; fifty copies, $11.50; one hundred copies, $22. If any one interested will send a post-card for samples of the new series they will be sent at once.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, $3.00 a year, post-paid. MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS $1.00 a year, post-paid. WEEKLY MESSENGER, 50 cents; 5 copies to one address, $2.00. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, Que.

OUR PREMIUM BOOKS.

The books we are giving as premiums to our workers are meeting with the latters' approval, as testified by the letters of thanks we have received. It takes some time to make up the lists and despatch the various books selected, but all who have earned them may rely on receiving them with as little delay as possible. Following is the list of books and how they are obtainable:—

To the person who sends us FIVE NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS, or ten renewals, at the regular price of 30c per copy, we will give, as may be preferred,

Life of Oliver Cromwell (Edwin Paxton Hood); Brief Biographies (Samuel Smiles); or Tom Brown at Rugby (Thomas Hughes).

To the person sending us TEN NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS, or twenty renewals, we offer the choice of the following;—

Fifteen Decisive Battles (E. S. Creasy); Longfellow's Poems; Bryant's Poems; Whittier's Poems; Child's History of England (Dickens); Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress; Hans Andersen's Stories; Stepping Heavenward (Elizabeth Prentiss); The Wide, Wide World, (Susan Warner); Queechy (Susan Warner); Uncle Tom's Cabin (Harriet Beecher Stowe).

For FIFTEEN NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS, or thirty renewals, we will send one of these books:—

Tom Brown at Rugby, better edition, (Thomas Hughes); *Tennyson's Poems*; *Burns' Poems*; Jean Ingelow's Poems; Sir Walter Scott's Poems; The Discovery and Conquest of Mexico (Illustrated); The Conquest of Peru (Illustrated); The Discovery of America (illustrated); The Early Days of Christianity (Farrar); Life of Gordon (Forbes).

Those who send us TWENTY NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS, or forty renewals, may choose one of the following:—

Illustrated Natural History (J. G. Wood); Story of William the Silent and the Netherland War (Mary Barrett); Life of Queen Victoria, illustrated, (Grace Greenwood); Cyclopædia of Eminent Christians, illustrated, (John Frost, LL.D.); Fox's Book of Martyrs (illustrated), Anna Maria's House-keeping (Mrs. S. D. Power); The Revised Bible.

FOR FORTY NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS, or eighty renewals, we will give either

Hake's Life of Gordon; Doré's Bible Gallery; The Boy's King Arthur (Sidney Lanier); Every Man His Own Mechanic (illustrated); or The Revised Bible (with maps).

We again find it necessary to state that the full price of 30c must be sent for each copy by all who wish for a book, for we cannot give a commission and make a present also. Write distinctly, and say which book you would prefer.

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